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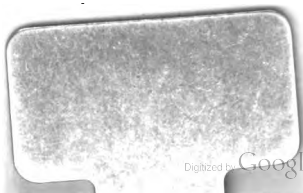
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THE PASSION

OF

JESUS.



"Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto My
sorrow."

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[* *By the kind permission of the Translator.*]

“Look upon the wounds of thy Saviour, as he hangs on the cross; look on the blood, which, dying, he sheds for thee, the price of thy redemption. His head is bent to kiss thee; His heart is opened to love thee; His arms stretched out to embrace thee. Consider these things, how great they be; weigh them in the balance of thy heart; that he may be fixed in thy heart, who, for thee, was wholly fastened to the cross.

ST. AUGUSTIN.

FIFTEEN MEDITATIONS

ON THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

"When we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him: He is despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him: He was despised, and we esteemed Him not."

Isaiah 53.

1. O good and gracious Jesus! who, being most high in the glory of thy Father, and of one essence with him, didst vouchsafe of thy infinite love to be made man, to be born in a stable, to be laid in a manger, to be circumcised, and to fly into Egypt; afterwards to be baptised, to be tempted, to fast, to watch, to teach the ignorant, and to heal the diseased; in thy whole life to suffer continual afflictions and persecutions; and at length voluntary to suffer death upon the cross; and all this for me, and such wretched creatures as myself.

2. O good and gracious Jesus! who, having eaten the pascal lamb with thy

B 2

dearly beloved disciples, didst arise from supper, gird thyself with a towel, pour water into a basin, and on bended knees didst humbly wash the feet of thy disciples, and wipe them with thy own hands.

3. O good and gracious Jesus; who, when the time of thy death approached, didst bequeath a most excellent legacy to thy children, leaving us thy most sacred body to be our meat, and thy most precious blood to be our drink: no wit can teach, nor understanding penetrate the bottomless depth of this thy charity.

4. O good and gracious Jesus! who, having entered into the garden of Olives, beganst to fear and to be heavy; whereupon thou saidst to thy disciples, *My soul is sorrowful even unto death*; and then leaving them, kneelest upon the ground, and falling flat on thy face, prayedst to thy Father, *If it be possible, let this cup pass from me*. And yet with perfect submission, wholly resignedst thyself to him, saying, *Father, not my will, but thine be done*: and at length, through most painful agony, thy afflicted

and fainting body sweated drops of blood.

5. O good and gracious Jesus! who, inflamed with an ineffable desire to redeem me, didst go to meet thine enemies, and sufferedst Judas the traitor to kiss thee, and thyself to be taken and bound with cords, and as a malefactor disgracefully led by the basest of the people to Annas, where with admirable meekness thou receivedst a cruel stroke on thy face, most unjustly given thee by a vile wretch and slave.

6. O good and gracious Jesus! who was led fast bound like a notorious malefactor from Annas to the house of Caia-phas the high priest, where the Jews most unjustly accused thee, and with barbarous insolence spat upon thy meek and amiable face, buffeting thy cheeks and blindfolding thine eyes, scornfully mocking, and maliciously affronting thee with injuries all that night.

7. O good and gracious Jesus! who in the morning was brought to the presence of Pilate, and with a most sweet and humble countenance, casting thine eyes down, stoodst before him in the

judgment-hall ; and when thou wast most falsely calumniated by the Jews, and many insults and provocations were given thee, thou meekly heldst thy peace, and patiently sufferedst their unjust proceedings.

8. O good and gracious Jesus ! who wast sent from Pilate to Herod ; he out of vain curiosity coveting to see some miracle at thy hand, demanded many things of thee, and the Jews continuing their perverseness against thee ; but to all these thy meekness replied not a word : wherefore Herod and all his court despised thee, and putting on thee a white garment in scorn and derision, sent thee thus back again to Pilate. O unspeakable humility and obedience to the will of thine enemies ! thou wentst forth and returnedst again, and wast led up and down from place to place without gainsaying, but suffering them to do whatever they would.

6. O good and gracious Jesus ! who in the judgment hall was stript naked, and without any compassion most cruelly scourged. There was thy blessed virginal

and tender flesh torn with stripes, and altogether mangled and deformed; so that the streams of thy most precious blood ran down on every side upon the earth.

10. O good and gracious Jesus! after thy sharp and bloody scourging, to put thee to more shame and confusion, as also to increase thy torments, they clothed thee with an old purple garment, and plating a crown of thorns, pressed it on thy holy head, till the sharp points pierced thy temples, and thy most precious blood ran down and covered thy face and neck: they gave thee in derision a reed for thy sceptre, and kneeling down before thee in scorn, saluted thee, saying, *Hail, King of the Jews*; then took they the reed out of thy hand, and with it struck thy sacred head, and again spat upon thy sacred face.

11. O good and gracious Jesus! who was brought forth from Pilate to the Jews to be gazed on, wearing the crown of thorns and purple garment, Pilate shewing thee to the people, and saying *Behold the man*; but they cried out,

with a loud voice and insatiable malice,
Crucify him, crucify him.

12. O good and gracious Jesus! thou wast delivered up to the will and pleasure of the Jews, who immediately led thee to be crucified, laying thy heavy cross upon thy sore and bloody shoulders; thus didst thou humbly bear thy own cross, whose weight pained thee excessively, and coming to the place all weary and breathless, thou refusedst not to taste wine mingled with gall and myrrh, which was the only relief there given thee.

13. O good and gracious Jesus! being come to Mount Calvary, thou wast again stripped naked, when thy wounds were renewed by the violent pulling off of thy clothes. What bitter pains didst thou suffer, when thou was fastened to the cross with rough nails, and the joints of thy limbs stretched as on a rack! Oh, with what love and sweetness of charity didst thou suffer thy hands and feet to be pierced through, whence, as from a fountain, thy precious blood gushed out.

14. O good and gracious Jesus ! who, hanging on the cross between two thieves, wast assailed with blasphemies, and after so long a continuance of thy tortures, prayedst to thy Father to forgive them : and even when their fury was at the highest, didst exercise the greatest bounty, promising Paradise to the repenting thief, and bequeathing thy dearly beloved Mother (who, pierced with sorrow, stood by the cross), to thy beloved disciple John, and in him to us all ; and after thou hadst suffered for three long hours intolerable pains and extreme thirst, they gave thee vinegar to drink, which when thou hadst tasted, bowing down thy venerable head, thou yieldedst up thy spirit.

15. O good and gracious Jesus ! O good Shepherd ! thus thou bestowedst thy life for thy sheep, and even after death still thou wouldest suffer for us, the sacred side of thy dead body being opened with a spear, out of which flowed water and blood. Thus at last ended all thy sufferiegs ; and thy enemies having slacked their thirst for thy blood, and

being gone away, thy disciples came and took thy immaculate body down from the cross, reposed it on the knees of thy blessed Mother, and after all imaginable expressions of piety, reverence, and love, wrapped it up in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre.

O mild and innocent Lamb of God, thus heartily thou didst love me, these things thou didst for me, these pains most patiently and lovingly thou sufferedst for me. What shall I render unto thee? I adore and glorify thee, I praise thee and give thee thanks, with all the powers of my soul. Jesus, Son of the living God, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hail, most glorious Redeemer of our souls, whose death quickens and gives life to the world.

O blessed Saviour, have mercy on me, for thy goodness' sake ; forgive me all my sins, destroy and mortify in me whatever displeaseth thee. Make me one according to thy heart, and grant to the utmost of my power I may most diligently imitate thy holy life. O blessed Father of heaven ! behold I offer the most

holy incarnation, life, and passion of thy dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, in full satisfaction for all my sins, and perfect amendment of my life. Grant, most merciful Father, for the merits of thy only-begotten Son, to the living mercy and grace, and to the souls departed rest and life everlasting. Amen.

PRAAYER

TO OUR BLESSED REDEEMER, IN HONOUR
OF HIS BITTER PASSION.

*For Deliverance from any Evil, or for
obtaining some especial Mercy.*

O merciful Jesus, my blessed Saviour and Redeemer, the sweet comforter of all sad, desolate, and distressed souls; behold thy poor servant, humbly prostrate at the foot of thy holy cross, be-

wailing my misery, imploring thy mercy, and beseeching thee to take pity and compassion upon me in this my present affliction.

Hear my prayers, O assured refuge of the afflicted ! behold my tears, consider my sorrows, and remedy my distresses ; for, finding myself encompassed with very greivous calamities, by reason of my sins, I know not whither to fly for succour, or to whom I may make my complaint, but to thee, my meek and merciful Saviour, with a full hope and confidence that thou wilt vouchsafe thy accustomed pity to my humble petition. This I humbly entreat of thee.

By the holy mystery of thy alliance with our human nature, when, resolving with the Father and the Holy Ghost to unite thy divine person to mortal flesh for man's salvation, thou didst send thy angel to the holy Virgin Mary with those happy tidings, and clothing thyself with our human nature, remainedst, true God and true man, for the space of nine months in her sacred womb.

By the anguish thou enduredst when,

the time of thy designed passion drawing nigh, thou prayedst to thy eternal Father, that if it were possible that bitter cup might pass away from thee ; yet concluding with a most perfect act of resignation, *Not my will, but thine be done.*

By the outrageous injuries, shameful disgraces, cruel blows, contumelious blasphemies, forged witnesses, false accusations, and unjust judgments, which thou, innocent Lamb ! patiently enduredst : by the shackles which fettered thy limbs, the tears which flowed from thine eyes, the blood which trickled from thy whole body ; by the fears, sorrows, and sadness of thy heart ; by the shame thou receivedst in being stript of thy garments, to hang naked on the cross, in the sight of thy sorrowful Mother, and in the presence of all the people.

By thy royal head crowned with thorns, and smitten with a reed ; by thy thirst quenched with vinegar and gall ; by thy side opened with a spear, whence issued blood and water, to refresh our souls with that living fountain of thy love and mercy ; by the sharp nails

wherewith thy tender hands and feet were cruelly pierced and fastened to the cross; by the recommendation of thy departing soul to thy Father, saying, *Into thy hands I commend my spirit*; by thy praying for thy enemies, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do*; by thy giving up the ghost, when thou criedst out with a loud voice, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* and then, bowing down thy most blessed head, saidst, *It is finished*.

- By the great mercy thou shewedst towards the penitent thief, saying, *To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise*; by thy descent into hell; by the glory of thy triumphant resurrection, and the consoling appearance thou frequently didst vouchsafe for forty days' space to thy sacred Virgin Mother, to thy apostles, and thy other chosen friends and servants; by thy admirable ascension, when, in the sight of thy holy Mother and thy Apostles, thou didst ascend into heaven; by the miraculous coming down of the Holy Ghost in the form of fiery tongues, whereby thou replenishedst the

hearts of thy disciples with thy love, and gavest them strength and courage to plant thy faith in the whole world ; by the dreadful day of general judgment, on which thou wilt pass sentence on all mankind.

By all those sorrows, joys, passions, compassions, and whatsoever else is dear to thee in heaven and on earth, take pity on me, O compassionate Redeemer ! hear my prayers, and grant me that for which I now most humbly and heartily petition thee. [*Mention here the thing you desire, or reflect mentally upon it.*] Give me, O gracious Saviour, speedily to experience thy divine succour and comfort, who, according to the accustomed sweetness of thy tender heart, are wont to grant the requests of those who fear and love thee, even to their soul's desire and satisfaction ; bestow on me also, O blessed Jesus, a constant faith, a firm hope, a perfect charity, a true contrition, a sincere confession, a full satisfaction, a diligent guarding of myself from future failings, a contempt of the world, a complete conquest of my passions, a zealous

imitation of thy exemplary life and conversation, an entire accomplishment of my vows, an absolute mortification of my self-will, a willing readiness to die for thy love and honour, a final perseverance in grace and good works, a happy departure of my soul out of this world, with my perfect senses about me, and with thy holy sacraments to strengthen me; thyself, O dear Jesus, to comfort me! thy sacred Virgin Mother, with all the saints to pray for me; and my good angel to conduct me to eternal rest and happiness. Amen.

O Jesus, who, in thy prayer to the Father in the garden of Gethsemane wast filled with anguish and sorrow, which forced from thy trembling body drops of blood, trickling to the ground; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who wast betrayed by the kiss of Judas into the hands of thy enemies, wast seized and bound like a thief,

and abandoned by thy disciples; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who, by the unjust verdict of the Jews, wast found guilty of death, brought like a malefactor before the tribunal of Pilate, mocked and derided by the impious Herod; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who wast stripped of thy garments, and most inhumanly scourged at the pillar; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord have mercy on us,

O Jesus, who wast crowned with thorns, blindfolded, buffeted, struck with a reed, clothed in derision with a purple garment, and in many other ways mocked and reviled; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who wast reputed more criminal than Barabbas, a murderer, rejected by the Jews, and condemned to the ignominious death of the Cross; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who wast loaded with a heavy cross, and led like an innocent lamb to the place of execution; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who wast crucified between two thieves, derided, blasphemed, and made to endure most horrid torments from the sixth to the ninth hour; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who didst expire on the cross, in the presence of thy holy Mother, before whose eyes thy sacred side was opened with a spear, whence issued forth water and blood; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who wast taken down from the cross, and bathed in the tears of thy most sorrowful Mother; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

O Jesus, who covered in every part with wounds and bruises, wast embalmed with spices, and laid in the sepulchre; have mercy on us, have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

Let us pray.

O God, who for the redemption of mankind didst vouchsafe to be born, to be circumcised, to be rejected by the Jews to be betrayed by a kiss, to be fettered like a malefactor, and like an innocent lamb to be led to slaughter, to be ignominiously brought before Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod, to be accused by false witnesses, to be scourged with whips, buffeted, defiled with spittle, crowned with thorns, stripped of thy clothes, fastened to a cross, placed between two thieves, and to taste of vinegar and gall; by these most grievous pains, which I, however unworthy, do commemorate, and by thy most sacred death and passion, deliver me from the pains of hell, and conduct me whither thy mercy did conduct the penitent thief, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest for ever. Amen.

LITANY OF THE PASSION.

Lord have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

Christ hear us.

Christ graciously hear us.

God the Father of heaven,

God the Son, Redeemer of the
world,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God,

Jesus, the Eternal Wisdom,

Jesus, conversing with men,

Jesus, hated by the world,

Jesus, sold for thirty pieces of
silver,

Jesus, prostrate on the ground
in prayer,

Jesus, strengthened by an angel,

Jesus, in thine agony, bathed in
a bloody sweat,

Jesus, betrayed by Judas with a
kiss,

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, bound by the soldiers,
 Jesus, forsaken by thy disciples,
 Jesus, brought before Annas and
 Caiaphas,
 Jesus, struck by a servant on the
 face,
 Jesus, accused by false witnesses,
 Jesus, declared worthy of death,
 Jesus, spit upon in the face,
 Jesus, blindfolded,
 Jesus, smitten on the cheek,
 Jesus, thrice denied by Peter,
 Jesus, delivered up to Pilate,
 Jesus, despised and mocked by
 Herod,
 Jesus, clothed in a white garment,
 Jesus, rejected for Barabbas,
 Jesus, torn with scourges,
 Jesus, bruised for our sins,
 Jesus, esteemed as a leper,
 Jesus, covered with a purple robe,
 Jesus, crowned with thorns,
 Jesus, struck with a reed upon
 the head,
 Jesus, demanded for crucifixion by
 the Jews,
 Jesus, condemned to an igno-
 minious death,

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, given up to the will of
 thine enemies,
 Jesus, loaded with the heavy
 weight of the cross,
 Jesus, led like a sheep to the
 slaughter,
 Jesus, stripped of thy garments,
 Jesus, fastened with nails to the
 cross,
 Jesus, wounded for our iniquities,
 Jesus, praying to thy Father for
 thy murderers,
 Jesus, reputed with the wicked,
 Jesus, blasphemed and scoffed at
 on the cross,
 Jesus, reviled by the malefactors,
 Jesus, promising Paradise to the
 penitent thief,
 Jesus, commending St. John to
 thy Mother as her son,
 Jesus, declaring thyself forsaken
 by thy Father,
 Jesus, in thy thirst given gall
 and vinegar to drink,
 Jesus, testifying that all things
 written concerning thee were
 accomplished,

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, commending thy spirit into
 the hands of thy Father,
 Jesus, obedient even to the death
 of the cross,
 Jesus, pierced with a lance,
 Jesus, made a propitiation for us,
 Jesus, taken down from the cross,
 Jesus, laid in the sepulchre,
 Jesus, rising gloriously from the
 dead,
 Jesus, ascending into heaven,
 Jesus, our Advocate with the
 Father,
 Jesus, sending down on thy
 disciples the Holy Ghost the
 Comforter,
 Jesus, who shalt come to judge
 the living and the dead,
 Be merciful.
Spare us, O Lord.
 Be merciful.
Graciously hear us, O Lord.
 From all evil,
 From all sin,
 From anger, hatred, and every
 evil will,
 From war, famine, and pestilence,

Have mercy on us.

From all dangers of mind and
 body,
 From everlasting death,
 Through thy most pure Concep-
 tion,
 Through thy humble miraculous
 Nativity,
 Through thy humble Circumci-
 sion,
 Through thy Baptism and holy
 Fasting,
 Through thy Labours and Watch-
 ings,
 Through thy cruel Scourging and
 Crowning,
 Through thy thirst, and Tears,
 and Nakedness,
 Through thy precious Death and
 Cross,
 Through thy glorious Resurrec-
 tion and Ascension,
 Through thy sending forth the
 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 In the day of judgment,
 We sinners,
Beseech thee, hear us.
 That thou wouldst spare us,

Lord Jesus, deliver us.

That thou wouldst pardon us,
 That thou wouldst vouchsafe to
 bring us to true penance,
 That thou wouldst vouchsafe
 mercifully to pour into our
 hearts the grace of the Holy
 Spirit,
 That thou wouldst vouchsafe to
 defend and propagate thy holy
 Church,
 That thou wouldst vouchsafe to
 preserve and increase all socie-
 ties assembled in thy holy Name.
 [*especially * * **]
 That thou wouldst vouchsafe to
 bestow upon us true peace,
 humility, and charity,
 That thou wouldst vouchsafe to
 give us perseverance in grace
 and in thy holy service,
 That thou wouldst vouchsafe to
 deliver us from unclean thoug-
 ts, the temptations of the devil,
 and everlasting damnation,
 That thou wouldst vouchsafe to
 unite us to the company of thy
 Saints,

We beseech Thee, hear us.

That thou wouldst vouchsafe graciously to hear us,

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

Spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

Graciously hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,

Have mercy on us.

Christ hear us.

Christ graciously hear us.

Lord have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

Our Father, &c.

We adore thee, O Christ, and we bless thee.

Because through thy holy Cross thou hast redeemed the world.

O crucified Saviour, who, to obtain a good death for me, didst suffer a most painful death, remember me at my last hour; remember that I am one of thy sheep, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood. O Shepherd of my soul, who alone canst guide and comfort

me at that hour, when I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death—when no one of this earth shall stand by me—when no friend shall be able to profit me—be with me then; suffer me not to lose thee for ever—cast me not off from thee. O Beloved Jesus, since I embrace thee now, receive me then—hide my sins in thy holy wounds—wash me in thine immaculate blood. At my last breath, I give thee my heart, my soul, and my spirit.

O happy suffering, to suffer for thee!
O happy death to die in thee!

If thou, O Lord, wilt receive my soul,
O death, where is thy sting! O grave,
where is thy victory!

Our Father, &c.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I adore thee,
hanging on the Cross and wearing on
thy head the crown of thorns; I be-
seech thee that by thy cross I may be
delivered from the destroying Angel.
Amen.

O Lord Jesu Christ, I adore thee
wounded on the cross, and given gall
and vinegar to drink; I beseech thee

that thy wounds may be the medicine of my soul. Amen.

O Lord Jesu Christ, by that bitterness which thou didst on the cross undergo for me a most miserable sinner, and most of all in that hour when thy most glorious soul departed from thy blessed body ; I beseech thee have mercy on my soul at the time of its departure, and carry it to life eternal. Amen.

O Lord Jesu Christ, I adore thee going down into hell and delivering the captives ; I beseech thee, suffer me not to enter there. Amen.

O Lord Jesu Christ, I adore thee rising from the dead, ascending into Heaven, and sitting on the right hand of the Father ; I beseech thee that I may have grace to follow thee thither, and to dwell in thy presence. Amen.

O Lord Jesu Christ, the Good Shepherd, guard thou the just, justify sinners ; have mercy upon all the faithful, and be gracious to me the chief of sinners. Amen.

O Lord Jesu Christ, I adore thee, laid in the sepulchre, and embalmed with

myrrh and spices ; I beseech thee that thy death may be my life. Amen. *Our Father, &c.*

COLLECTS

ON THE LORD'S PASSION, ANSWERING TO
THE SEVEN CANONICAL HOURS.

At Matins, 6 a.m.

O LORD JESU, by the love wherewith thou lovest thine own even unto the end ; by the bloody sweat which fell from thee in the garden ; by the spite and griefs which thou enduredst when thy disciple sold thee, and the wicked Jews bound and rent thee ; unbind the chains of my sins, and bind this my soul with the most strait bonds of thy love, which cannot be unloosed ; who livest, &c.

At Prime, 7 a.m.

O LORD JESU, who, at the *hour of prime*, wast brought before Pontius Pilate, the

Heavenly before an earthly judge, and wast falsely charged by the wicked priests of evil deeds; help us miserable sinners in the Judgment day, that we be not doomed with wicked men to endless punishment, but be made worthy of the fellowship of thy saints in heavenly places; who livest, &c.

At Tierce, 9 a.m.

O LORD JESU, who, at the *third hour* of the day, wast beaten with scourges, and crowned with thorns, grant that we thy servants, having our bodies subdued by voluntary chastisement, may be deemed worthy members of thee, our thorn-crowned head; who livest, &c.

At Sext, 12.

O LORD JESU, who, at the *sixth hour* of the day, didst hang with pierced hands and feet from the wood of the cross, and didst fasten thereto with the same nails the hand-writing of our condemnation; grant to my soul that, thus set free from

the service of sin, I may ever bear in my heart of hearts, as the symbol of my deliverance, those thy most holy wounds ; who livest, &c.

At Nones, 3 p.m.

O LORD JESU, who, at the *ninth hour* of the day, when all was finished, didst bow thy head and yield thy spirit to thy Father, and breathed into mankind who lay in death, the breath of life ; grant that I who do owe myself wholly to thee for making me, may, now that thou hast new-made me, yield thee myself wholly again, and live henceforth no more unto myself, but always unto thee, who diedst for me ; who livest, &c.

At Vespers, 6 p.m.

O LORD JESU, who, at the *evening hour*, wouldst that thy lifeless body should be taken from the cross, and be laid in thy most holy mother's arms, grant me never, while I live, to put from me my cross, which in thy goodness thou mayest be-

stow on me; and when I die and am taken from it, make me worthy to be presented before thee, and be received in the arms of thy blessed mother and of thy mercy; who livest, &c.

At Compline, 9 p.m.

O LORD JESU, who, at the *hour of Compline*, restedst in the grave, and wast mourned by thy sad mother and the other women, give us true tears to weep for thy most holy passion, and grant us never to do that which may crucify thee afresh. Who livest, &c.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

1.—*Jesus is condemned to death.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how Jesus Christ, after having been scourged and crowned with thorns,

was unjustly condemned by Pilate to die on the cross. My adored Jesus, it was not Pilate,—no, it was my sins that condemned thee to death. Through the merit of this painful journey, I entreat thee to assist me in the journey which my soul is making to eternity. O Jesus, my love, I love thee more than myself, and I repent with my whole heart of having offended thee. Suffer me never to be separated from thee. Grant that I may always love thee, and then do with me what thou pleasest. I accept all, whatsoever thou mayest be pleased to send me.

Our Father, Glory be to the Father, &c.

2.—*Jesus is loaded with the cross.*

V. We praise thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how Jesus Christ in his journey, carrying the cross on his shoulders, thought of thee, and offered for thee to God the death he was going to suffer. My most amiable Jesus, I embrace all

the tribulations which thou hast destined for me till death. I entreat thee, through the merit of the pain thou didst suffer in carrying thy cross, to assist me to carry mine with perfect patience and resignation. I love thee, O Jesus, my love, I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never to be separated from thee. Grant that I may always love thee, and then do with me what thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

3.—*Jesus falls the first time under the cross.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider this fall of Jesus Christ under the cross. His flesh was all torn by scourges, his head crowned with thorns, and his blood shed in great abundance. He carried that great weight on his shoulders; the soldiers pushed him forward, and thus he fell several times in this journey. My beloved Jesus, it is not the weight of the cross, but the

weight of my sins, that made thee suffer so many torments. Ah! through the merit of this first fall, save me from falling into mortal sin. I love thee, my Jesus, with my whole heart; I am sorry for having offended thee; Suffer me never to offend thee any more. Grant that I may always love thee, and then do with me what thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

4.—*Jesus meets his afflicted mother.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider the meeting of the Son and his mother in this journey. Jesus and Mary looked at each other, and their looks were so many darts which wounded their enamoured hearts. My most loving Jesus, through the pain which thou didst suffer at this meeting, grant me the grace of a right devotion to thy most holy ther, which may pleasing to thee. May She obtain for me by Her intercession a continual and loving remembrance of the passion of Her Son. I love

thee, O Jesus, my love. I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never to offend thee for the future. Grant that I may always love thee, and then do with me what thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

5.—*Simon the Cyrenean assists Jesus to carry his cross.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how the Jews, seeing that Jesus almost breathed forth his soul at every step, became afraid that he would die on the way, and because they wished to see him die the infamous death of the cross, they compelled Simon the Cyrenean to carry the cross after our Lord. My most sweet Jesus, I will not refuse to carry the cross: I embrace and accept it: I accept in a special manner the death, which is appointed for me, along with the pains which shall accompany it: I unite it with thy death, and offer it to thee. Thou hast died for the love of me: I wish to die for the love of thee, and to give thee pleasure: assist me by thy grace. I

love thee, O Jesus my love. I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never again to offend thee. Grant that I may always love thee, and then do what thou pleasest with me. *Our Father, &c.*

6.—*Veronica wipes the face of Jesus.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how the holy woman Veronica seeing Jesus so oppressed, and his holy face bathed in sweat and blood, handed him a towel with which our Lord wiped his face, and on which he left his sacred image impressed. My beloved Jesus, thy countenance was before beautiful; but in this journey thou dost appear no longer beautiful, but all deformed by wounds and blood. Alas! my soul also was beautiful when it received thy grace in baptism, but I have disfigured it by my sins. Thou alone, my Redeemer, canst restore its former beauty: restore it for the sake of thy passion. *Our Father, &c.*

7.—*Jesus falls a second time.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider the second fall of Jesus Christ under the cross, by which is renewed the pain of all the wounds of the venerable head of our afflicted Lord, and of all his sacred members. Most sweet Jesus, how often hast thou pardoned me and I have again relapsed and offended thee? Ah, through the merit of this new fall, assist me to persevere in thy grace till death: grant that in all temptations which shall assail me, I may always recommend myself to thee. I love thee, O Jesus, my love, I love thee with my whole heart. I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never again to offend thee. Grant that I may always love thee, and then dispose of me as thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

8.—*Jesus addresses the women who weep over his sufferings.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how the women, seeing Jesus Christ so afflicted, and pouring forth his blood along the way, weep through compassion. But Jesus said to them : "Weep not for me, but for your children." Ah, my sorrowful Jesus, I weep over the offences I have committed against thee, on account of the punishment I have merited by them, but still more on account of the displeasure I have given thee, who hast loved me so tenderly. It is not hell, so much as the love of thee, that makes me weep for my sins. My Jesus, I love thee more than myself. I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never again to offend thee. Grant that I may always love thee, and then dispose of me as thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

9.—*Jesus falls a third time.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider the third fall of Jesus Christ; contemplate the great weakness of Jesus Christ, and the great cruelty of the executioners, who sought to make him quicken his pace, though he had scarcely strength to walk. My ill-treated Jesus, ah! through the merits of the weakness which thou didst condescend to suffer in thy journey to Calvary, give me sufficient strength to conquer all human respect and all my evil inclinations, which have heretofore led me to despise thy friendship. O Jesus, my love, I love thee with my whole heart, I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never again to offend thee. Grant that I may always love thee, and then dispose of me as thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

10.—*Jesus is stripped of his clothes.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how Jesus was stripped with violence by the executioners. The

interior garment was fastened to his flesh, which had been lacerated by the scourges: hence in taking off that garment, the flesh was torn off with it. Pity the Lord, and say: My innocent Jesus, through the merit of the pain which thou didst suffer, help me to divest myself of all affections to the things of this earth, that I may place all my love in thee, who dost well deserve all love. I love thee with all my heart. I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never again to offend thee. Grant that I may love thee, and then dispose of me as thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

11.—*Jesus is nailed to the cross.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how Jesus, when thrown on the cross, stretches out his hands, and offers to the eternal Father the sacrifice of his life for our salvation. The barbarous executioners nail him to the cross: they then raise it, and leave him to die

of pain on that infamous gibbet. My despised Jesus, nail this heart of mine to thy feet, that it may remain there, always to love thee, and never more to forsake thee, I love thee more than myself. I repent for having offended thee. Suffer me never to offend thee again. Grant that I may always love thee, and then dispose of me as thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

12.—*Jesus dies on the cross.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how Jesus, after the three hours of his agony on the cross, consumed by torments, abandons his body to death, bows down his head, and dies. O my lifeless Jesus, with a tender heart I kiss this cross on which thou art dead for my sake. By my sins I have deserved to die a bad death: but thy death is my hope. Ah, through the merits of my death give me grace to die embracing thy sacred feet, and burning

with love for thee. Into thy hands I commend my soul. I love thee with my whole heart. I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never to offend thee more. Grant that I may always love thee, and then dispose of me as thou plearest. *Our Father, &c.*

13.—*Jesus is taken down from the cross.*

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Consider how, after our Lord had expired, he was taken down from the cross by his disciples, Joseph and Nicodemus, and was laid in the arms of his afflicted mother, who received him with tenderness, and pressed him to her bosom. O mother of sorrow, for the love of this Son, accept me for thy servant, and pray to him for me. And since thou, my Redeemer, hast died for me, accept me to love thee, now that I wish for thee and nothing else. I love thee, O my Jesus, and I repent of having offended thee. Suffer me never to

offend thee again. Grant that I may love thee always, and then dispose of me as thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

14.—*Jesus is laid in the tomb.*

Consider how the disciples carried to the grave the dead body of Jesus, which his holy mother accompanied, and adjusted in the tomb with her own hands. They then closed the grave and departed. Ah, my Jesus, shut up in the sepulchre, I kiss the stone which covers thee. But from thence thou didst rise within three days; through the merits of thy resurrection, I pray thee to make me rise in glory with thee on the last day, to go and be for ever united to thee in heaven, to praise and love thee for eternity. I love thee, and I am sorry for having offended thee. Suffer me never again to offend thee. Grant that I may love thee, and then dispose of me as thou pleasest. *Our Father, &c.*

PRAYER TO JESUS,
*Through the Merit of each particular Pain
 which he suffered in his Passion.*

My Jesus, through the act of humility which thou didst perform in washing the feet of thy disciples, I pray thee to grant me the grace of true humility, and to humble myself to all, but particularly to them who despise me.

My Jesus, through the sadness which thou didst suffer in the garden, and which was sufficient to cause thy death, I pray thee to save me from the sadness of hell, and of living for ever at a distance from thee, without being ever again able to love thee.

My Jesus, through the abhorrence which thou hadst for my sins which were present to thee in the garden, give me a true sorrow for all the offences I have offered to thee.

My Jesus, through the pain which thou didst feel at seeing Judas betray thee with a kiss, give me the grace to be faithful to thee, and never again to betray thee as I have hitherto done.

My Jesus, through the pain which thou didst suffer at seeing thyself bound as a malefactor, in order to be brought before the judges, I pray thee to bind

me to thee with the sweet chains of thy holy love, that I may never again see myself separated from thee, my only good.

My Jesus, for the sake of all the ignominies and buffets to which thou didst submit during the night of thy imprisonment in the house of Caiphas, give me strength to bear in peace, for the love of thee, all the affronts which I shall receive from men.

My Jesus, through the derision which thou didst suffer from Herod when he treated thee as a fool, give me grace to bear with patience all that men shall say of me, whether they treat me as an object of contempt, as a fool, or a malefactor.

My Jesus, through the derision thou didst receive from the Jews, when they preferred Barabbas before thee, give me grace to suffer with patience the dishonour of seeing others preferred before me.

My Jesus, through the pain which thou didst suffer in thy sacred body when thou wast cruelly scourged, give

me grace to suffer with patience all the pains of my infirmities, and particularly the pains of death.

My Jesus, through the pain thou didst suffer in thy sacred head, when it was pierced with thorns, give me grace not to consent to thoughts that are displeasing to thee.

My Jesus, through thy acceptance of the death of the cross to which Pilate condemned thee, grant me the grace to accept with resignation, death along with all the pains that shall accompany it.

My Jesus, through the pain thou didst suffer in carrying thy cross to Calvary, give me grace to bear with patience all the crosses of my life.

My Jesus, through the pain thou didst suffer when thy hands and feet were nailed to the cross, I pray thee to nail my will to thy feet, that I may desire nothing but thee.

My Jesus, through the bitterness thou didst suffer when they gave thee gall to drink, grant me grace not to offend thee by intemperance in eating or drinking.

My Jesus, through the pain thou didst feel in taking leave on the cross of thy holy mother, deliver me from all inordinate attachment to relatives, or to any creature, that my heart may be thine entirely and for ever.

My Jesus, through thy desolation at death, when thou wast abandoned by thy eternal Father, give me grace to suffer with patience all thy desolations, without ever losing confidence in thy goodness.

My Jesus, through thy three hour's torture and agony on the cross, give me grace to bear with resignation for thy sake, the pains of my agony at death.

My Jesus, through the pain which thou didst suffer when, at death, thy holy soul was separated from thy sacred body, give me the grace that at the hour of death, I may breathe forth my soul, offering to thee my pains with an act of perfect love, in order to go to love thee in heaven, face to face, with all my strength and for all eternity.

I entreat thee, through that sword that pierced the heart of the most holy

Virgin, thy mother Mary, when she beheld her Son bow down his head and expire, to grant me her prayers at the hour of my death, that I may praise and thank thee in heaven for ever and ever. Amen.

STAGES OF THE PASSION.

My most sweet Jesus, who, during the prayer in the garden didst sweat blood, didst agonise and suffer sadness sufficient to cause thy death, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast betrayed by Judas with a kiss, and consigned to the hands of thy enemies, who wast afterwards seized and bound by them, and abandoned by the disciples, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast declared guilty of death by the council of the Jews, wast blindfolded, spit upon,

E

and mocked in the house of Caiphas, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast brought as a malefactor before Pilate and afterwards despised and treated as a fool by Herod, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast stripped of thy clothes, and bound to a pillar, and scourged so cruelly, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast crowned with thorns, clothed with a scarlet cloak, buffeted, and saluted through mockery as king of the Jews, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast rejected by the Jews, who hadst to suffer the dishonour of seeing them prefer Barabbas before thee, and wast after-

wards unjustly condemned to die on a cross, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast loaded with the cross, and as an innocent lamb, conducted to death, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast nailed to the cross, placed between two thieves, mocked and blasphemed, and didst agonise for three hours in the midst of the most horrible torments, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who didst die on the cross, whose side was pierced with a spear in presence of thy most holy mother, and sent forth water and blood, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, who wast taken down from the cross and placed in the

arms of thy afflicted mother, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

My most sweet Jesus, whose body was mangled and marked with five wounds, and was laid in the grave, have mercy on us.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

V. Surely he hath borne our griefs.

R. And carried our sorrows.

Let us pray.

O God, who, for the redemption of the world didst condescend to be born, to be circumcised, to be rejected by the Jews, to be betrayed with a kiss by the traitorous Judas, to be bound in chains, to be led as an innocent lamb to the altar of sacrifice, to be treated with so much ignominy in the presence of Annas, of Caiaphas, of Pilate, and Herod, to be accused by false witnesses, to be scourged and buffeted, to be reviled, to be spit

upon, to be crowned with thorns, struck with a reed and blindfolded, to be stripped of thy clothes, to be nailed to the cross, to be raised on the cross and reckoned among thieves, to be given gall and vinegar to drink, and to be pierced with a spear,—for the sake of these most holy sufferings, which I, an unworthy sinner, venerate, and through thy most holy cross and death, deliver me from hell, and deign to conduct me where thou didst conduct the thief that was crucified with thee, who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

The Seven Words which Jesus spoke on the cross.

But what does Jesus do? What does he say at the sight of all the outrages which he received? 1. He prays for them that illtreat him: "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" Jesus also prayed from the cross for us sinners. Let us then turn to the eternal Father, and say to him with confidence: O Father, hear the voice of this beloved

Son, who implores thee to pardon us. To grant us pardon is an act of mercy in our regard, because we do not deserve mercy; but it is an act of justice to Jesus Christ, who has so fully atoned for our sins. Thou hast obliged thyself to pardon us through his merits, and to receive into favour all who repent of the offences they have done against thee. My Father, I repent with my whole heart of having offended thee; and in the name of this Son, I ask thy pardon. Pardon me, and receive me into thy favour. "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Thus the good thief prayed to Jesus dying on the cross, and Jesus answered: 2. "*Verily I say unto thee: To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.*" Here was verified what the Lord said long before by the prophet Ezekiel, that when sinners repent of their transgressions, God pardons them, and forgets the insults they have offered to him. "*But if the wicked will turn from all his sins, he shall surely live, he shall not die.*"—xviii. 21, 22. O immense mercy—O infinite goodness

of my God, who will not love thee? O my Jesus, forget the injuries I have done thee, and remember the painful death thou hast suffered for my salvation, and for the sake of that death bring me to thy kingdom in the life to come, and grant that during this life thy holy love may reign in me. May thy love rule in my heart, and may it be my only lord, my only desire, my only love. Happy thief, who didst merit, by thy patience, to partake of the fruits of the death of Jesus. And happy me, O my Jesus, if I shall have the happiness to die loving thee, and uniting my death with thy holy death.

“There stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother.” Behold, O my soul, Mary at the foot of the cross, transfixed with sorrow, and with her eyes fixed on her beloved and innocent Son, contemplating the external and internal pains in the midst of which he dies. She is perfectly resigned, and in peace offers to the eternal Father the death of her Son for our salvation; but her compassion and love are to her a source of great

affliction. O God! who would not pity a mother standing beside the cross on which a Son dies before her eyes? But here we should consider who this mother and this Son are. Mary's love for her Son immensely surpassed the love of all mothers for their children. She loved Jesus, who was at the same time her Son and her God; a Son so infinitely amiable, all beauty and sanctity; a Son who had been always respectful and obedient to her; a Son who had loved her so tenderly, and had, chosen her for his mother. 3. "*Woman, behold thy Son.*" O thou who hast so much love for thy Mother, pity and have mercy on me.

"And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried out with a loud voice saying: 4. "*Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani?* that is, *my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*" Jesus, agonizing on the cross, afflicted with pain of body, and sadness of soul (for the sadness which assailed him in the garden, when he said: "My soul is sorrowful unto death," did not leave him until his last breath), seeks for some one to console him, but finds

none. "I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man; neither found I any to comfort me." He looks at his mother, and, her presence gives him no consolation: the sight of her sorrows adds to his affliction. He looks about, and sees enemies on every side: hence, finding himself bereft of every comfort, he turns to his eternal Father to seek consolation. But the Father, seeing him charged with the sins of all men, for which he was then atoning to the divine justice on the cross, abandons him to a death of pure unmixed pain. Then it was that Jesus cried out with a loud voice, to show the intensity of his sufferings, and said: "*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*" Hence, the death of Jesus Christ was more painful than the death of all the martyrs, because it was full of desolation, and bereft of all comfort.

But, my Jesus, why dost thou complain after having voluntarily offered thyself to so cruel a death? thou dost complain in order to make us comprehend the intense pain with which thou dost expire, and

at the same time to encourage us to have confidence, and to practise resignation when we find ourselves in desolation, and deprived of the sensible aid of the divine grace.

My sweet Redeemer, thy abandonment makes me hope that God, often as I have betrayed him, will not abandon me. O my Jesus, how have I been able to live so long forgetful of thee? I thank thee for not having forgotten me. Ah, I entreat thee to remind me always of the desolation to which thou hast submitted for my sake, that I may never more forget thee, and the love thou hast borne me.

“Afterwards, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scriptures might be fulfilled,” said: 5. “*I thirst,*” “and they filled a sponge with vinegar and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth.” The scripture which was to be fulfilled, “they gave me vinegar to drink.” But, O Lord, thou art silent about the intense pains which hasten thy death, and dost thou complain of thirst? Ah! the thirst of Christ is very different from that which we ima-

gine it to be. His thirst is the desire of being loved by the souls for whom he dies. Thus, my Jesus, thou dost thirst after me, a miserable worm, and shall not I thirst after thee, who art an infinite good? Ah, I long for thee, I love thee, I desire to please thee in all things, Assist me, O Lord, to banish from my heart all earthly desires, and grant that nothing may reign in me but the desire to please thee and to do thy will. O holy will of God—blessed fountain that dost fill enamoured souls, fill me also, and be the object of all my thoughts and affections.

The Death of Jesus.

The amiable Redeemer approaches the end of life. My soul, behold those eyes grow dim; that beautiful countenance becomes pale; that heart palpitates feebly; that sacred body is abandoned to death. 6. "Jesus, therefore, when he had taken the vinegar, said: *It is finished,*" When on the point of expiring, Jesus placed before his eyes all the sufferings of his life: the poverty, fatigues, pains, and injuries which he

had suffered, and again offering them all to his eternal Father, he said, all is now accomplished—all is consummated. All that the prophets foretold of me is consummated; in a word, the sacrifice which God expected in order to be appeased with the world, is perfectly consummated, and full satisfaction is made to the divine justice. "*It is finished,*" said Jesus, turning to his eternal Father: "*It is finished,*" he said, at the same time turning to us. As if he said: O men, I have done all that I could do in order to save your souls, and to gain your love. I have done my part; do you now do yours. Love me, and be not unwilling to love a God who has gone so far as to die for you. Ah, my Jesus, that I, also, at the hour of my death, could say, at least for the part of my life which yet remains, "*it is finished.*" Lord, I have accomplished thy will; I have obeyed all thy wishes. Give me strength, O my Jesus, for with thy aid I purpose and hope to do thy will in all things.

And Jesus crying with a loud voice,

said: 7. "*Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.*" These were the last words which Jesus spoke on the cross. Seeing that his blessed soul was about to be separated from his mangled body, he said, with perfect resignation to the divine will, and with filial confidence: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." As if he said: My Father, I have no will, I do not wish either to live or to die; if it is pleasing to thee that I continue to suffer on this cross, behold I am ready: into thy hands I commend my spirit: do with me what thou wilt. Oh! that we also would say the same when we meet any cross: leaving ourselves to be guided by the Lord in all things, according to his good pleasure. This, says St. Francis de Sales, is that holy abandonment in God which constitutes all perfection. We ought to act in this manner particularly at the hour of death; but in order to do it well then, we should practise it frequently during life. Yes, my Jesus, in thy hands I place my life and my death; in thee I abandon myself entirely, and I

recommend my soul to thee now for the last moment of my life. Receive it into thy wounds, as thy Father received thy spirit when thou didst expire on the cross.

But behold, Jesus dies. O angels of heaven, come, come to assist at the death of your God; and thou, O sorrowful mother of God, approach nearer to the cross, raise thy eyes to behold thy Son; look at him more steadfastly, for he is about to expire. Behold the Redeemer already calls on death, and gives it permission to come and to take away his life. O death, he says, perform thy office; take away my life and save my sheep. Behold, the earth trembles, the graves are opened, the veil of the Temple is rent in two; behold, how the violence of his pains deprives the dying Lord of strength, of the natural heat, of respiration; his body is abandoned to death, he bows down his head on his breast, he opens his mouth and expires. "*And he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.*"

A Prayer on Christ Crucified and His Wounds.

Behold, O most loving Jesus, who wast willing to be my spouse; I fall down at thy feet, in token of my love and due gratitude to thee. But what shall I repay thee, O my Jesus, who didst love me even to the end, and engrave me in large and plain letters on thy hands and feet, yea, and in thy heart? Who will grant me this, that I may carry thee about engraven on my heart even as thou dost carry me; and as thou dost bear me, so I may bear thee ever in mind! O Jesu, with how boundless an affection of charity hast thou embraced me, in that thou didst vouchsafe to open to me not only thy hands and feet, but also thy breast of most boundless treasures, that thou mightest satisfy my desire out of the inexhaustible treasure of thy celestial benefits!

A Prayer on the Seven Words of Christ.

O Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God, who didst say, whilst hanging on the Cross: "Father, forgive them, for

they know not what they do;" grant, that for love of thee, I may forgive a'll who maltreat me. Who saidst to the thief: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise;" grant me so to live, that in the hour of my death thou mayest say to me: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Who saidst to thy Mother: "Woman, behold thy Son;" and to the disciple: "Behold thy Mother;" grant that I may be associated with thy Mother in love of thee and true charity. Who saidst: "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani; that is, my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" grant that in every tribulation and distress of mine I may say: "O my Father, my Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner, and assist me, my King and my God, who hast redeemed me with thine own blood." Who saidst: "I thirst;" grant that I may ever be athirst for thee the fountain of living water. Who saidst: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" receive me returning to thee. Who saidst: "It is finished;" grant that I may deserve to hear that most sweet voice of Thine:

“Come, My friend, My beloved, My spouse, come, that thou mayest ascend with me, in company with my angels and saints, to feast in my kingdom, to be joyful, and there to dwell for ever and ever.” Amen.

MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who, out of the excess of charity with which he loved us, was willing to become man, to be born in a stable, laid in a manger, circumcised, and become an exile in Egypt.

He vouchsafed for our sake to be baptised, to fast, to be tempted, to wander about, to preach the Gospel, to work miracles, to succour the sick and miserable.

Three-and-thirty years he endured manifold labours, sorrows, hardships, and snares and injuries from his enemies, until at length he went up to Jerusalem, that he might drink for us his bitterest cup.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who the day before his death ate the Passover at Jerusalem with his beloved disciples.

And there rising from supper, when he had girded himself with a towel, and poured water into a basin, he washed his disciples' feet, and wiped them with the towel, holding loving converse with these same disciples.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who, unasked, established such and so great a Testament, and instituted and left behind him the adorable sacrament of his body and blood, to the end that the memorial of his then instant passion might be ever celebrated in the church, and the fruit of so great a sacrament reach daily both the living and the dead.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who, going out with his disciples into the garden of Olivet, began to be sore amazed and very heavy, and thereupon said: "*My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death:*" for the greatness, verily, and the severity of his coming passion.

There, on bended knees, he prayed to his Father, and, falling on his face, resigned himself, and gave himself up wholly to his Father's will, weighed down indeed with so great distresses that a bloody sweat flowed down out of his whole body, and he accepted the comforting of an angel, he, the Son of God.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who, inflamed with desire of enduring death for us, went forth to meet the enemies that sought his life; took a kiss from the traitor Judas, being deserted by the other disciples, and was bound by the wicked soldiers like a thief, and fettered, and shamefully handled.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who was led first ignominiously before Annas the high priest, and who received the cruel blow struck at him by the impious servant of Annas.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who was received like any malefactor by Caiaphas the high priest and the full senate, and suffered many things both bitter and injurious; was accused,

namely, by false witnesses, most iniquitously condemned for blasphemy, mocked by many and spit upon, stricken with blows and buffets, and was the whole night in ways unworthy tormented and scoffed at.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who was led early in the morning by the chiefs of the Jews before Pilate, stood before the heathen judge with downcast look; and when falsely accused, chose rather to be humbly silent than to answer to the charges laid against him.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, sent forth from Pilate to Herod the king, and a second time grievously accused of the Jews. But neither did our Lord yield aught to the questionings of the curious king, nor answer the accusations of the Jews; taken the while by Herod's men for a fool, and by them sent back to Pilate in a white garment, in derision and bonds.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who was stripped of his garments in the prætorium, and bound to a pillar, and most cruelly scourged, so that great drops

of blood flowed from every part of his wounded body.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who, after his grievous scourging, is clad by Pilate's guards in a purple robe, and bears a crown of thorns pressed down with grievous torture upon his head. They hold out to him the reed with which they struck his sacred head: they bend the knee and worship him in scorn; they hail him King of the Jews; they spit in his adorable face; and sacrilegiously beat him with many a blow on his face.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who is led out by Pilate the judge, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe: the enraged populace importunately demand that he be condemned to the cross.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, whom Pilate on his tribunal most unjustly condemns, though innocent, to the cross, who both loaded with the tree of the cross, and, his strength well nigh spent, is dragged through the midst of the city to the mournful place of

punishment, with the pity of scarce any except a few women.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who came weary and panting with his cross to the place of Calvary, and tasted the proffered cup of wine mingled with myrrh and gall, according to that word : *“ They gave me gall to eat ; and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink.”*

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who was stripped of his garments before the cross, and stretched naked on the wood, and fastened with nails, and bore the exceeding bitter pains of crucifixion.

Look upon the face of thy Christ, who, hanging upon the uplifted cross between two thieves, and grievously a-thirst, calls upon his Father as an advocate on behalf of those that crucified him, and the others who blasphemed him : addresses his most afflicted Mother from the cross ; and commends his spirit, not without strong crying and profuse tears, to his Father, tasting that most bitter of all deaths, that himself, both priest and victim, may reconcile to

God his Father us children of wrath,
and redeem a lost world by his own
death.

Look upon the face of thy Christ,
the right side of whose lifeless body is
pierced with a spear, and pours forth
blood and water: whose body besides is
taken down from the cross by his friends,
and anointed with oil of balm, and
wrapped in clean linen, before being
committed to the tomb.

V. We adore thee, O Christ, and we
bless thee.

R. Because by thy holy cross and
bitter passion, thou hast redeemed the
world.

A PRAYER,

*In which the Passion and Death of Christ
is offered to God the Father.*

I thank thee, O eternal Father and
God, chief lover of men, who, to redeem
us that were lost, and set us free from
eternal torments, hast willingly delivered
up thy most innocent Son to most cruel
pains and the bitterest of deaths.

O love! O pity incomprehensible! that for us that Immaculate Lamb should be given and tormented, than whom was nothing more holy, nothing more excellent; that by dying he might destroy our death, and by rising again restore us to true life! We, therefore, offer to thee, O Father, this thy most dear Son, this our priest, our loving mediator, this best and most faithful of Shepherds, who gave himself up for us an oblation and a sacrifice in the odour of sweetness.

By that face which won reconciliation for the world, we owe and we give eternal thanks to thy love; for his sake we dare to ask and hope for the remission of our sins, and all grace: for he was made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption: by his stripes we are healed: he is the true and efficacious propitiation for our sins and for the sins of the whole world.

We therefore pray, O eternal Father, that thou mayest receive in thy clemency the sacrifice of thy most dearly beloved Son, our mediator, which was offered to thee on the cross, than which nothing

can be to thee more acceptable, or of more avail to us. His tears, groans, and cry; his bonds, scourges, thorns, and wounds; his cross, blood, and death, we offer to thee, that they may bring a healing medicine to our souls, how wounded and impure soever. And that we may participate in the true fruit of this most holy passion, and glory aright in so great a mediator, grant us that grace which is needful for all who are to be justified and saved: that so we may not only trust in the merits and promises of our Redeemer, but may be obedient also to his precepts, and walk in his footsteps, and by his example. Through the same Christ thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

A MEDITATION AND PRAYER OF S. BERNARD.

*For the Presentation of Christ Crucified
to the Eternal Father.*

Consider, my soul, consider. This is the Lord our God Jesus Christ, thy Saviour: the only-begotten Son of God, true God, true man, who alone beneath the sun was found without spot.

And lo ! he is thus numbered among the transgressors, and esteemed as a leper, the lowest of men ; and an untimely birth is cast out, so is he cast out from the womb of his mother, the wretched synagogue. He, the fairest of the sons of men, how is he become marred ! He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, and was made an holocaust of a most sweet odour in thy sight, O Father of eternal glory, that he might turn away thine indignation from us, and make us to sit with himself in heavenly places.

Look down, O Lord, holy Father, from thy sanctuary, from the high habitation of thy heavens : and behold this holy offering, which our great high priest offers thee, thy holy child, the Lord Jesus Christ, for the sins of his brethren ; and be placable towards the multitude of our malice. Lo ! the voice of the blood of our Jesus crieth unto thee from the cross.

Look, O Lord, upon the face of thy Christ, who became obedient to thee, even unto death. O ! let his scars never

pass from thine eyes, that thou mayest remember the greatness of the satisfaction thou hast received from him for our sins.

Let every tongue give thee thanks, O Father, for the superabundance of thy bounty, who hast not spared the only Son of thy heart, but hast delivered him up to death for us all, that we may have him as a faithful advocate before thee in heaven.

A Prayer of S. Bernard to Christ Crucified.

I must needs love thee, O Lord Jesu Christ, with my whole heart, with my whole soul, with my whole strength: and follow thy steps, that hast vouchsafed to die for me. And how shall this be wrought in me but by thee? Let my soul cleave to thee, for all its strength hangeth upon thee

And now, O Lord, my redeemer, I adore thee as very God, I trust in thee, I hope in thee, and with all the desire in my power I pant after thee; help my imperfection.

Before the glorious tokens of thy passion, whereby thou has wrought out my salvation; I bow myself down wholly. In thy name, O Christ, I adore the royal standard of thy victorious cross. Thy thorny crown, thy blood-red nails, the lance plunged into thy sacred side, thy wounds, thy blood, thy death, thy sepulture, O Christ, I suppliantly adore and glorify.

By the virtue of these keep me from the wiles of Satan, and strengthen me, that the yoke of thy commandments may become sweet to me; and the burden of the cross, which thou biddest me carry after thee, may be light to the shoulders of my soul.

Fix my hands and my feet to thy cross, and wholly conform thy servant, O Lord, to the likeness of thy passion: fashion also thy servant after thy life-giving death, working in me, that I may die according to the flesh, but live according to the spirit of righteousness. Bless God my Saviour, O my soul, and magnify his name for ever. Amen.

POINTS OF MEDITATION ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.

*(From Thomas a Kempis' Homilies on
the Passion.)*

Seeing, then, that Jesus, who was without sin, carried his cross upon his own shoulders, do thou too carry thy cross, for thou hast grievously and often sinned, and justly merited eternal punishment. To feeble minds the way of the cross seems to be bitter and grievous; but its end is joyful and rich in fruit, and to its lovers sweet and healthful. Is it not better to pass now a mournful and laborious life for Christ, and to suffer with the crucified, than, after the scanty joy of a corruptible life, to suffer eternal torments with the devil in hell? For thou shalt be so much the more acceptable to God, and worthy of greater glory in the celestial kingdom, in proportion as thou shalt have endured now for the name of Jesus more grievous toil and sorrow—not looking to temporal consolations, but to Christ's passion, and the rugged ways of the saints, who have

passed through many a tribulation. Every temporal punishment and injury with which we are assailed passes quickly like a shadow; but in heaven abides eternally the glory of the reward, which, Christ willing, shall be paid thee at the last for thy good patience. Strive, therefore, to keep the way of the holy cross, and to carry in thy heart the sad image of Jesus crucified, and with manly courage to imitate him after thy power in thy frail body. Cheerfully resign thyself, and commit with confidence all that is thine to his divine will, who has done and endured so great things for thy salvation. For never shalt thou be able to render him worthy thanks for the least tittle of his passion, even though thou wert able to endure the sufferings and labours of all the holy martyrs. But, alas! that thou followest with such tepidity the Lord's cross; that thou sufferest not more intensely with the pains of Christ; that thou servest him not more fervently, nor returnest him thanks without ceasing; who regarded thee as so dear, and so loved thee above his other

creatures, that he refused not to die for thee, but by his innocent death freed thee from eternal death : for thou wouldest have been eternally condemned, had not Christ been crucified and died for thee. For who could make satisfaction for all the sins of men save Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the immaculate lamb ?

I will lift up the eyes of my heart to my Lord hanging naked upon the cross. With attentive heed will I consider each stripe and puncture of his body, and with intent devotion embrace and kiss his wounded hands and feet perforated with the nails. Then will I enter into the open wound of his side, as into the chamber where my beloved is asleep; where I may live hidden, and be protected from all harm, and repose in happy security, in divine peace. I will fear no evils, come upon me what may, and whatsoever may be said or thought of me to my contempt : so thou be with me, and abide with me, I will rely upon thee, and night and day will dwell within thy side. Thou art a more faith-

ful friend than all this world besides. Thou art a stronger wall of defence than all the host of angels. And therefore ought I never to be unmindful of thee; but as far as my power and infirmity permit, I will call sorrowfully to mind thy most bitter passion. One of which, however, no creature can sufficiently think and speak, nor write of it with clearness and suitably to its greatness, even though all were employed on this one subject only; for it exceedeth all comprehension of the creature, that thou, O God, creator of all, didst vouchsafe to be made man, and to die for men.

Wherefore I humbly entreat thee, Lord, to look with pity upon me a sinner; and, by thine ineffable grace, to enlighten me within, often to visit me, to bedew me with tears, to bruise and cleanse me with compunction; that whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, thou mayest renovate and inflame through the earnest meditation of thy passion. Grant me devoutly to advance in it, and ever to derive from

it the salutary remedies of all my sufferings. Would that it might make its entrance into my heart, more and more powerfully and deeply than heretofore; and affect and inform me, as it has often inflamed and moved to compunction many holy men and holy women; so that even in my life there may result the similitude of thy death, by the operation of the spirit, and the mortification of the flesh!

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

I.

THE AGONY.

O Soul of Jesus, sick to death!
 Thy blood and prayer together plead!
 My sins have bowed thee to The ground,
 As the storm bows the feeble reed.
 Midnight—and still the oppressive load
 Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie;
 Still the abhorred procession winds
 Before Thy Spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!
 All darkly on Thy human soul;
 And clouds of supernatural gloom
 Around Thee are allowed to roll.
 The weight of the eternal wrath
 Drives over Thee with pressure dread:
 And forced upon the olive roots,
 In death-like sadness droops Thy Head.
 Thy spirit weighs the sins of men;
 Thy science fathoms all their guilt;
 Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,
 And the pores open,—blood is spilt.
 And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord!
 Even to the limit of Thy strength,
 While hours, whose minutes were as years,
 Slowly fulfilled their weary length.
 And Thou hast shuddered at each act,
 And shrunk with an astonished fear,
 As if Thou couldst not bear to see
 The loathsomeness of sin so near.
 Sin and the Father's anger, they
 Have made Thy lower nature faint:
 All, save the love within Thy heart,
 Seemed for the moment to be spent.

PART II.

My God ! My God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?
I sin, and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's Blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.
I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.
Shall it be alway thus, O Lord ?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee ?
O by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And give me of Thy bloody sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear !
Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,
 As though no other sins there were,
 That was to Him who bears the world
 A load that He could scarcely bear!

II.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY AT THE
 CROSS.

(Stabat Mater.)

At the cross her station keeping,
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,
 Close to Jesus to the last:
 Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
 All his bitter anguish bearing,
 Now at length the sword had pass'd.
 Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
 Was that mother highly blest
 Of the sole-begotten one!
 Christ above in torment hangs;
 She beneath beholds the pangs
 Of her dying glorious Son.
 Is there one who would not weep,
 Whelm'd in miseries so deep
 Christ's dear mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
From partaken in her pain,

In that mother's pain untold ?
Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd,
She beheld her tender Child

All with bloody scourges rent ;
For the sins of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation,

Till His spirit forth He sent.
Blessed Jesus pierce me through ;
In my heart each wound renew

Of my Saviour crucified :
Let me share with Her Thy pain,
Who for all my sins wast slain,

Who for me in torments died.
Let me mingle tears with Her,
Mourning Him Who mourn'd for me,

All the days that I may live :
By the cross with Her to stay ;
There with Her to weep and pray,
Is all I ask to have.

And, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Passion my defence,

Be Thy cross my victory ;
While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

Amen.

III.

THE HOLY CROSS.

Forth comes the standard of the King :
All hail, thou mystery ador'd !
Hail, Cross ! on which the Life himself
Died, and by death our life restor'd.
On which our Saviour's holy side,
Rent open with a cruel spear,
Of blood and water pour'd a stream,
To wash us from defilement clear.
O sacred wood ! in thee fulfill'd
Was holy David's truthful lay ;
Which told the world, that from a tree
The Lord should all the nations sway.
Most royally empurpled o'er,
How beauteously thy stem doth shine !
How glorious was its lot to touch
Those limbs so holy and divine !
Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretch'd
The Saviour of the world reclin'd ;
Balance sublime ! upon whose beam
Was weigh'd the ransom of mankind.
Hail, Cross ! thou only hope of man,
Hail on this holy Passion-day !
To saints increase the grace they have ;
From sinners purge their guilt away.

Salvation's spring, blest Trinity,
 Be praise to thee through earth & skies:
 Thou through the Cross the victory
 Dost give; oh, also give the prize!

IV.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

O come and mourn with me awhile;
 See, Mary calls us to her side;
 O come and let us mourn with her!
 Jesus, our Love is crucified!
 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
 Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
 How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
 His blessed tongue with thirst is tied,
 His failing eyes are blind with blood;
 Jesus, our Love is crucified!
 His mother cannot reach His face;
 She stands in helplessness beside;
 Her heart is martyred with her Son's;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified!
 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
 And all three hours His silence cried

For mercy on the souls of men ;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified !
 What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord ?
 By earth, by heaven Thou hast been tried,
 And guilty found of too much love ;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified !
 Found guilty of excess of love,
 It was Thine own sweet will that tied
 Thee tighter far than helpless nails ;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified !
 Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed ;
 His falling eyes He strove to guide,
 With mindful love to Mary's face ;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified !
 O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
 Thy weak self love and guilty pride
 His Pilate and His Judas were ;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified !
 Come, take thy stand beneath the cross,
 And let the blood from out that side
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop ;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified !
 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
 Ask, and they will not be denied ;
 A broken heart love's cradle is ;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified !

O love of God ! O Sin of man !
 In this dread act your strength is tried ;
 And victory remains with love,
 For He, our love, is crucified !

V.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS.

Hear thy children, gentle Jesus,
 Hear thy children cry to thee,
 Self and sin no more shall please us,
 Hear our solemn litany !
 Thou didst suffer, gentle Jesus,
 Bitter shame and agony,
 From sin's bondage to release us,
 Thou didst hang upon the tree.
 Thou didst bear the nails and spitting,
 Cruel scourge, and thorny crown,
 And the soldiers' mockery sitting
 Meekly on thy mimic throne.
 Thou didst bear the Jews' deriding,
 Judas' guilt, and Herod's pride,
 And thy mother's grief abiding,
 Mute and tearful by thy side.
 But my sins it was that stung thee,
 Not the scourge and nails and spear,

'Twas my sins alone that hung thee
 On the cross, my Saviour dear !
 By thy childhood, gentle Jesus,
 By the pains thou didst endure
 Let not sin and Satan please us,
 Make us gentle, good, and pure.
 Thou wert pierced, O gentle Jesus,
 Pierced that sinners might not die,
 O let sin no longer please us,
 Make us thine eternally.
 Gentle Jesus, thou hast won us
 By thy passion and thy love,
 Gentle Jesus, deign to own us
 In the land of rest above !

VI.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

O'erwhelmed in the depths of woe,
 Upon the tree of scorn
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
 With racking anguish torn.
 See ! how the nails those hands
 And feet so tender rend ;
 See ! down His face, and neck, and breast,
 His sacred blood descend.

Hark ! with what awful cry
 His spirit takes its flight ;
 That cry, it pierced His Mother's heart,
 And whelmed her soul in night.
 Earth hears, and to its base
 Rocks wildly to and fro ; [quake ;
 Tombs burst ; seas, rivers, mountains,
 The veil is rent in two.
 The sun withdraws his light ;
 The midday heavens grow pale ;
 The moon, the stars, the universe,
 Their Maker's death bewail.
 Shall man alone be mute !
 Come youth ! and hoary hairs !
 Come, rich and poor ! come, all mankind !
 And bathe those feet with tears.
 Come, fall before his cross,
 Who shed for us his blood ;
 Who died the victim of pure love,
 To make us sons of God.
 Jesu ! all praise to thee,
 Our joy and endless rest !
 Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
 Our crown amidst the blest.

VII.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Hail, Jesus ! hail ! who for my sake
Sweet blood from Mary's veins didst take,
And shed it all for me ;
O blessed be my Saviour's blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.
To endless ages let us praise
The precious blood whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin ;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worse disease,
If he but bathe therein.
O sweetest blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost :
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.
O to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ own sacred blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss :
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His !

Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,
 And hell's despairing courage faints
 When this sweet song we raise :
 O louder then, and louder still,
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
 The precious blood to praise !

VIII.

Jesus ! who thy true Flesh didst take
 Upon the Paschal night, and break
 For our most precious food,
 O living Bread, be thou my strength,
 Through which the world and flesh, at
 length,
 In me may be subdued.
 Jesus ! who in the garden felt
 The bloody sweat, yet patient knelt
 To do thy Father's will,
 To me give such a zealous mind
 To suffer, such a heart resigned
 Thy precepts to fulfil.
 Jesus ! thy friends are fain to sleep,
 While to the unresisting sheep
 The cruel wolves repair ;
 May I be found as meek and still
 By those who wish or work me ill,
 And, like my Lord, at prayer.

Jesus! behold on that sad night
 Thine own, thy chosen, take to flight,
 And leave their Lord by stealth;
 O may we learn in grief and care
 Those harder trials still to bear,
 Prosperity and wealth.

Jesus! who deeply silent stood
 Before the accusing multitude,
 Do thou my tongue control,
 Set on my busy lips thy seal;
 Ascetic silence oft can heal
 The sickness of the soul.

Jesus! whom Peter then denied,
 Thou with one gentle look didst chide
 The weak disciple's fears;
 If ever I deny thy name,
 Thy cross, O send me speedy shame,
 O give me Peter's tears.

Jesus! the judge of quick and dead,
 Thyself, when falsely judged, wert led
 In mock regalia clad;
 May I my solemn office fill,
 Judge of myself, and think no ill,
 Not even of the bad.

Jesus! when scourged and buffeted
 And spit upon, thy sacred head
 Was bow'd to earth for me;

O may I pardon find, and bliss,
And expiating love in this

My Lord's indignity.

Jesus! with crown of ruddy thorn
The Jews thy tortured brow adorn,

And, jeering, hail thee king;

May I, O Lord, with heart sincere

My humble zeal, my love and fear,

A real homage bring.

Jesus! for whom the wicked Jews

A vile and blood-stained robber choose,

Have mercy, Lord, on me,

And keep me from a choice so base

As taking wealth or ease or place,

Barabbas, Lord! for thee.

IX.

THE CRUCIFIXION, AND WHAT WAS DONE UPON THE CROSS.

Jesus! along thy proper road

Of sorrows, with thy weary load,

How didst thou toil and strain!

O may I bear the cross like thee,

Or rather, Lord, do thou in me

The blessed weight sustain.

Jesus ! on that most doleful day
 How were thy garments stripped away
 Thy holy limbs laid bare !

O may no works or ways unclean
 Despoil me of that modest mien
 Thy servants, Lord, should wear.

Jesus ! what direst agony
 Was thine, upon the bitter tree,
 With healing virtues rife !

O may I count all things but loss,
 All for the glory of the cross,
 The sinner's tree of life.

Jesus ! around thy sacred head
 There is an ominous brightness shed,
 The name which Pilate wrote ;

Save us, thou royal Nazarene !
 For in that three-fold name are seen
 The gifts thy passion brought.

Jesus ! who to the Father prayed
 For those who all thy love repaid
 With this dread cup of woes,
 Teach me to conquer, Lord, like thee,
 By patience and benignity,

The thwarting of my foes.
 Jesus ! who, come to seek and save,
 Absolved the thief, and promise gave
 Of peace among the blest,

Ah ! do thou give me penitence
 Like his, that I, when summoned hence,
 In Paradise may rest.
 Jesus ! who bade the virgin John
 Thy Mother take, when thou were gone,
 And in thy stead to be,
 Oh, when I yield my parting breath,
 Be thou beside me, and in death,
 Good Lord, remember me.
 Jesus ! true man, who cried aloud,
 Toward the ninth hour, My God, My God,
 O why am I forsaken ?
 Lord ! may I never fall from thee,
 Nor even in life's extremity
 My humble trust be shaken.
 Jesus ! athirst, the soldiers think
 To mock thee, giving thee to drink
 What might inflame thy pain ;
 Ah ! mindful of the loathsome draught
 Which for my sins my Saviour quaffed,
 May I my flesh restrain.
 Jesus ! Redeemer, all the price
 Of Adam's sin thy sacrifice
 Did more than fully pay ;
 May I my stewardship fulfil
 With equal strictness, and thy will
 With scrupulous love obey.

H

Jesus ! thy Passion at an end,
 Thou didst thy blameless soul commend
 Unto the Father's care ;
 When my last hour is come, may I
 Hasten with meek alacrity
 To do thy will elsewhere.

X.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

" Jesus said, I am the good Shepherd."—
 John x. 11.

I was wandering and weary
 When my Saviour came unto me ;
 For the ways of sin grew dreary,
 And the world last ceased to woo me ;
 And I thought I heard him say
 As he came along his way,
 O silly souls ! come near me ;
 My sheep should never fear me ;
 I am the shepherd true !
 At first I would not hearken,
 And put off till the morrow,
 But life began to darken,
 And I was sick with sorrow ;

And I thought I heard him say
 As he come along his way,
 My sheep should never fear me ;
 I am the shepherd true !
 At last I stopped to listen,
 His voice could not deceive me ;
 I saw his kind eyes glisten
 So anxious to relieve me :
 And I thought I heard him say
 As he came along his way,
 O silly souls ! come near me ;
 My sheep should never fear me ;
 I am the shepherd true !
 He took me on his shoulder,
 And tenderly he kissed me ;
 He bade my love be bolder,
 And said how he had missed me ;
 And I'm sure I heard him say
 As he came along his way,
 O silly souls ! come near me ;
 My sheep should never fear me ;
 I am the shepherd true. !
 Strange gladness seemed to move him,
 Whenever I did better ;
 And he bade me still to love him,
 As if he was my debtor ;

And I always heard him say
As he came along his way,
 O silly souls! come near me;
 My sheep should never fear me;
 I am the shepherd true!
I thought his love would weaken,
 As more and more he knew me
But it burneth, like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear him say
As he comes along his way,
 O silly souls! come near me;
 My sheep should never fear me;
 I am the shepherd true!
Let us do then, dearest brothers!
 What will best and longest please us;
Follow not the ways of others
 But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear him say
As he comes along his way,
 O silly souls! come near me;
 My sheep should never fear me;
 I am the shepherd true!

HYMNS FROM THE BREVIARY.

I.

"Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith, Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame."

Angels of peace, look down from heav'n
and mourn,

Lo, your own God low to the earth is
bent,

Wearing guilt's image, of His glories
shorn,

Of wicked men He bears the punish-
ment.

O miracle stupendous of vast love!

O deadness of man's heart that still
remains!

To die for you your God comes from
above;

Ye will not walk with Him and share
His pains.

It is Thy cross alone, alone Thy cross,
From everlasting flames our souls sets
free;

Chasten us with fire, sword, or worldly
loss,

But spare us for a long eternity.

The flesh shrinks back, but 'tis His
 Father's will,
 He bows His head and drinks the bitter
 cup,—
 In this Thy strength may we Thy law
 fulfil,
 Take from Thy hand the chalice, and
 look up.
 Heal'd by the stripes which Thy pure
 body stain,
 Wash'd by the Blood Which floweth
 from Thy side,
 Leave us not, lest we sin, and fall again,
 And thus another Cross for Thee
 provide.
 Glory to Him, Who gave His Son to die ;
 Glory to Him, Who for the guilty dies ;
 Glory to Him, Who came down from on
 high
 To sanctify the holy Sacrifice.

II.

*“ They shall look upon Me Whom they
 have pierced.”*
 Draw out, sad heart, thy melody,
 And tell with plaintive cry
 The sorrows of the Crucified,

The wounds of Him That died,
 Him, Who a willing victim came
 To die a spotless lamb.
 By that unpitying fury kill'd,
 Our ransom He fulfilled ;
 We drink health from His bitter cup,
 His cross doth lift us up,
 His stripes for us a balm have found,
 'Tis He our wounds hath bound.
 With feet and hands transfix'd in pain
 He bursts our bonds in twain ;
 For us a healing fount He bore,
 At every bleeding pore :
 The nails that hold Thee on the tree
 Binds us to that and Thee.
 Thy heart, now still'd by death's cold
 trance,
 Hath pierc'd the barbed lance,
 Op'ning a door to all below,
 Whence blood and water flow :
 This hath the fount of cleansing shown,
 That is our heavenly crown.
 Grant, Saviour, that for us below
 These fountains aye may flow,
 The cup of healing here to prove,
 The cup of bliss above ;
 Then we will ever sing Thy praise
 Through Heav'n's eternal days.

III.

*“ He was despised and we esteemed Him
not.”*

Say, what strange love works Thee this
sad unrest,

Drives Thee, the only Innocent to die
For a poor guilty nation so unblest,
That Thou, Who art the good and great
High Priest,

Shouldst like a cord-bound victim,
helpless lie?

The nails, which rend Thy bleeding feet
in twain,

Have the enthralling nets of Satan
broke,

And let Thy people go: Thy hands,
which stain,

Drop after drop, that murderous bed of
pain,

From off the captive world have shook
the yoke.

That piercing lance hath open'd pardon's
door—

Door of that heart which never knew
deceit,

Whence blood and water flow, an endless
store,
Which heals, sets free, and cleanses ever-
more :

O Wound, that went to Pity's inmost
seat !

O fountains of true life ! O streams
divine !

O hallowed thresholds of that pitying
Breast !

Shrines of that sacred Heart, O sheltering
mine

Op'd in the smitten rock, where we, that
pine

O'ercome with sinful shame, may hide
and rest.

Again that cross we plead, to Him we fly—

O Father, when our crimes provoke
Thee, when

Thy thunder is against us lifted high,
Look on His bleeding wounds, and pass
us by,

And for His sake spare Thou us once
again.

'Mid wounds alone and crosses here we
know

That we can enter into Thy dear love,

And have our joy in the Eternal now ;
 Thee with the Son and Spirit praise
 below,
 Thee with the Son and Spirit praise
 above.

IV.

"He is brought as a Lamb to the slaughter."
 Who hath believed our report ? to whom
 Hath thine arm been reveal'd, Incarnate
 Lord ?

Reason confounded stands,
 And faith silent and mute.
 O holy Lamb, slain ere the world was made,
 And hast Thou from Thy Father's bosom
 come,
 Thyself the sacrifice
 Dimly shadow'd of old !
 But why thus laid upon the cold dank
 ground,
 Oh, why that look of fearful agony,
 While on Thy wan worn frame
 Thy blood stands, drop by drop ?
 It is the mighty anguish of Thy soul,
 And horror at the weight of others' crimes,
 To hear Thy Father's wrath,
 And terrors of the lost.

It is the proffered cup Thy soul affrights:
 Ah! if it be that Thou drink not the whole,
 We everlastingly
 Must drink, and suck the dregs!
 But love doth master terror's agony:
 Love strong in death, and His blest
 Father's will;
 Calmly He yields Himself
 To darkness and to death.
 And now unto the scourge, the twined
 thorn,
 The rough rude mockery, and torturing
 tree,
 A lamb-like victim meek,
 He bows his holy Head.
 Glory to God, His only Son Who gave,
 The Son Who died, a living sacrifice,
 And Spirit Who came down
 To light the altar flame.

V.

*"But the Lord is with me as a mighty
 terrible One."*

Up that dark hill funereal, faint with ill,
 True Isaac, sinking 'neath that tree of
 pain,

That dark funeaeal hill
 Thou climbest to be slain.
 Thy tender hands were torn unpitifully,
 Thy tender feet with fangs of iron driven;
 Thou art uplifted high—
 Oh, sight for earth and heav'n!
 "Thy will, Eternal Father, Thine be
 done,"
 O, unconceived charity,
 That gave the guiltless Son
 For guilty foes to die.
 From that Thy bleeding side, those
 bleeding hands,
 Must the foul world be cleans'd—it
 needs must be;
 For Justice so demands,
 And Mercy grants the plea.
 Else that dread bond must aye on us
 remain;
 But from Thy cross extending to Thy
 throne
 Now binds a peaceful chain,
 The earth and Heavens in one.
 Glory to Him, Who gave His Son to die,
 Him, Who for us a willing victim dies,
 And Spirit, ever nigh,
 Who fired the sacrifice.

VI.

*“ And I if I be lifted up will draw all
men unto Me.”*

O Thou that nail'd upon the bleeding
tree,

Breathest Thy soul away, let us draw
nigh,

And hang our weary hearts and eyes on
Thee.

To look on Thee in Thy sore agony
Shall heal that Serpent's wounds that
long hath strove,

And fill'd our veins with death. While
Thou dost die.

We from Thy throes are born to life above:
'Tis thus Thou build'st Thy martyrs, and
'tis thus

That faith herself doth anchor on Thy
love.

While with Thine arms outstretch'd,
bleeding and bare,

As to Thy throne of Godhead, Thou to
Thee

Dost draw the big round world, let us
draw near.

And, clinging at the foot of that dread
tree,

Beneath Thy wither'd frame and bleeding
 side,
 Hide ourselves, and look up, dear Lord,
 to Thee.
 That only hope of refuge, only pride
 Of a lost world, oh, may it o'er us reign,
 And in the fountain of our hearts abide.
 Glory to Thee, Eternal Victim slain,
 Father Who gave, and Holy Paraclete,
 As was, and is, and shall for aye remain.

VII.

*“ Christ became for us obedient unto death,
 even the death of the Cross.”*

Is this the standard of a king ?

It is the cross, that sign of mystery.
 The wood on which, like some accursed
 thing,

The world's great Maker deign'd to die,
 Where He sustain'd the lance's iron
 wound,

Whence for our souls water and blood
 abound.

Wonderful tree, and from old time

Of in mysterious measures darkly sung
 On which, as on a purple throne sublime,
 The dreadful King of Glory hung :

O precious wood, thou art surpassing fair;
 Blest tree, found meet those sacred Limbs
 to bear.

Blessed, and blessed-making tree,
 From what most noble stock didst thou
 arise,

That thou should'st touch those Limbs,
 the bearer be

Of Him, the mighty Sacrifice,
 Who, drop by drop, the world's price
 told that day,

And rescued from hell's jaws the living
 prey.

Hail, holy Cross, sole refuge, hail !

At this the season of our suffering
 Lord ;

In our grief's bitter waters so prevail,

That they to us may health afford :

So may devotion gain a holier mind,
 And penitence therein may pardon find.

All love, all power, all praise, and might,

All worship, and all adoration be

To Him, who veil'd His own essential
 light,

And hung on the accursed tree,
 With Father and with Spirit, ever blest,
 May on our souls Thy shadow ever rest.

VIII.

“What thing shall I liken to thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? what shall I equal to thee that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Zion? for thy breach is great, like the sea: who can heal thee?

Not a parent's stern control,
Not a mother's pang was thine,
O'er thy Holy Child Divine,
But a sword shall pierce thy soul.
When He gave, with dying brow,
Thee another son's to be,—
Gave another Son to thee,—
'Tis that pang is on thee now.
But we see no rended hair,
And we hear no wailing cry,—
All is silent agony,—
'Tis a mother's grief is there.
Praise to thee, the Virgin-born,—
Three in One for evermore,—
To the Father of the poor,
And the Friend of them that mourn.

“ Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows ; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray ; and we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.”

ERRATA.

- Page 6.—For voluntary, read *voluntarily*.
,, —For pascal, read *paschal*.
,, 39.—For ther, which may pleasing, read
 Mother, which may be pleasing.
,, 89.—For partaken, read *partaking*.
,, 112.—For funeaeal, read *funereal*.





